

# THE LEISURE HOUR

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## THE FAMILY FEUD.

"BLANKSHIRE.—To be sold by public auction in July next (unless an acceptable offer be previously made) a valuable freehold estate, called Brook Vale, containing — acres of rich pasture land, No. 73, 1853.

with a capital residence in good repair, situate in a park-like meadow, with good gardens, stables, &c. The estate is on the London road, between — and —, and is within a five hours' journey from the metropolis. To a gentleman fond of rural life

Y

this property offers great advantages," etc., etc. We need not quote the advertisement to the end.

Whether an "acceptable offer" was made, thus obviating the necessity for a "public auction;" or for how much this "valuable freehold estate" was sold; or who bought it, by auction or otherwise, is nothing to our present purpose—which is, to draw back the curtain a little, and explain, what does not meet the eye in our advertisement, how Brook Vale estate got into the market. In other words, we intend to trace, with due brevity, the troubled course of a *family feud*.

More than thirty years earlier than the date of our advertisement, Brook Vale was owned and inhabited by a kind and genial old man, whose former industry, joined with a few prudent and successful speculations, had raised him from a comparatively poor and humble condition to one of positive wealth; and while yet gray hairs were but here and there upon him, he had retired from business, become the owner of the Brook Vale estate, and thenceforward lived the life that thousands toil for, and wish for, and sigh for, in vain.

One fine evening in summer, a party of young people met at Brook Vale to celebrate the birthday of one of its inmates, Amy Hall, the orphan niece and adopted child of its owner, who was an unmarried man; and among the visitors were two of Amy's cousins, Alfred and George Hammond. It is hardly correct, however, to speak of these brothers as visitors; for by them, in conjunction with their cousin, and the consent of their kind old relative, the *fête* had been arranged, and they were rather the inviters than the invited.

If, instead of a short sketch, we were disposed to write a long story, we might digress here, to give the antecedent history of Alfred and George Hammond, from their childhood upwards; but our readers must be content with knowing that they were at this time of the several ages of nineteen and twenty; that their father, a small tenant farmer in a distant part of the country, was of a character different, in many respects, from the retired tradesman, and was sustained in his position mainly by the generosity of his brother; that the two youths had been educated and put out into the world at their uncle's expense, Alfred, the elder, as the pupil and assistant of a farmer and grazier, whose lands bordered upon Brook Vale; and George, as the apprentice of a miller not far off. To this explanation may be added that, as these two youths and their cousin Amy were the nearest relations of old Mr. Hammond, so there was every reason to believe that, at his death, whenever that might occur, they would jointly inherit his property; and that, meanwhile, he would complete what he had begun by starting the brothers in business as opportunity served, and would also be prepared with a handsome dowry, if his niece should choose to enter "the holy state of matrimony."

It is scarcely necessary to say that, under such favourable circumstances, and especially as the young people were, in many respects, pleasing and attractive, they had many friends; and that Amy's birthday party was as large as she and her cousins chose to make it.

It is not our intention to describe the guests who assembled that evening at Brook Vale, nor the amusements in which they joined; but it is

needful, as part and parcel of our sketch, to advert to an incident which cast a shade of unhappiness over the party of pleasure, and brought out the first manifestations of the family feud which was thereafter to cast a blight upon Brook Vale.

Amy was fond of music; she had a soft musical voice, pure taste, and a good ear: it was pleasant at any time to hear the simple carollings, merry or plaintive as the mood of the moment might be, of the interesting orphan girl; and her uncle was delighted with his gentle songstress, with her "woodnotes wild." Her cousins, too, had some slight musical attainments; and as Brook Vale was as much their home as they chose to make it, and Amy had grown up with them almost as a sister, it is no wonder that the choral practisings of the trio had been many.

As was natural enough then, on the evening of the party music formed part of the entertainment, and, in anticipation of this, Alfred had brought with him his favourite flute. The orchestra was a rustic arbour by the side of a stream that wound through Brook Vale; and for an hour before sunset, one harmonious strain after another had floated on the soft summer air far above and around. But singing and flute-playing tires, and with one consent the entertainment was discontinued for the time, and the party broke up into groups of twos and threes, and was dispersed through the gardens and shrubberies of Brook Vale, to re-assemble at the supper table.

For a time, therefore, the arbour was deserted, but presently a pair of damsels entered, and threw themselves, rather discontentedly, on the mossy seat.

"I think 'tis very dull," said one, "and I am tired. It is not very polite either in those young fellows to leave us two to wander about all alone in this unkind sort of way; I don't know what you think about it, Julia."

The young lady thus addressed did not immediately reply to her companion, but began to hum a tune, popular enough in those days, whatever it may be now, the burden of which was,

"And 'tis O dear me, what can the matter be?  
O dear me, what shall I do?  
There's nobody coming to—"

"There, that will do, Julia," said the first speaker, interrupting the singer at the most interesting part of her ditty; "I dislike singing, you know, and that stupid flute. Amy thinks so much of her voice, and Alfred of his squeaking music, that if I had known we were to have so much of it, I don't think I should have come to the party."

"And if I had known George Hammond was going to march off with Amy Hall, all by themselves, for nobody knows how long," responded Julia, "I don't think I should have come. I can promise, though, that somebody else doesn't like that any better than I do, and that's Master Alfred—your friend, Miss Osborn."

"Oh, no friend of mine in particular, Julia. Let either of them that likes marry their cousin if they think so much of her; though I do think there ought to be a law against cousins marrying at all. But what nonsense this is, Julia; as if you and I were setting our caps at the young Hammonds. There are as good fish in the sea any day

as there are out of it, I should think. But what are you at with Alfred's flute?"

"Hush, Agnes," whispered Julia, with a merry laugh, "I am only putting his pipe out. See, I have stuffed up the flute, and by and by, when he goes to blow it—and we shall have more music after supper, you may be sure—he'll go 'toot, toot, toot,' till he is red in the face, and will look silly enough before he finds out what is the matter. It will be such fun: don't you tell him, Agnes."

At this moment, the two young ladies heard their own names repeatedly called from the water-side; and not long after, leaving the arbour whither they had disconsolately wandered, they might have been seen—their temporary discontent banished—floating on the river in a skiff propelled by two pairs of stalwart arms, not their own, and admiring—the setting sun perhaps.

Julia was quite right, however, in surmising that Alfred Hammond had not looked kindly on his brother George's taking their cousin Amy's arm, and strolling away with her, "all by themselves," as she said. And yet there was really nothing in it. George had no covert intention, and thought as little, in accidentally engrossing her company, of anything, good or bad, that could possibly come of it, as he would have done had she been his sister in reality, as, to all intents and purposes, he had come to consider her. But Alfred did not know his brother's thoughts; and he had thoughts of his own of which that brother had not the most distant conception. Thus it happened that, without intending to give offence, and much more, without suspecting the possibility of exciting jealousy in his brother's bosom, George Hammond had done both; and when the guests met again at the supper table (we are writing of country habits, and of a time when suppers were, at least occasionally, offered to guests at as early an hour as nine o'clock), it was plain to be seen that Alfred Hammond was ruffled and moody, and that, with strange inconsistency, to cool his distemperature he drank freely of his uncle's old and mellow ale. His uncle, however, did not notice it; and after supper he proposed, as the young lady had predicted, music before parting.

"Alfred, you left your flute in the arbour," said Amy; "run and get it." But Alfred did not move; he only looked sulky.

"I'll get it," interposed George, good-humouredly, and left the room.

All in vain, however, were Alfred's efforts, when the flute was put into his hands, to make it "discourse sweet music." As the mischievous young lady anticipated, the performer 'toot—toot—tooted,' till he was red in the face; then he disjoined his instrument, blew through it furiously, shook it, and put it together again; but all in vain. The guests smiled; but Alfred stormed.

"Why, Alfred," said his brother, "what is come to you and your flute?" and he laughed.

Alfred looked round him angrily, to be greeted by good-tempered merriment from all his uncle's guests, some of whom had learned the secret of his discomfiture from the two mischief-makers. But when he looked at Amy, and saw that she too was amused, and was, as he fancied, exchanging glances with her cousin George, he dashed the flute to the ground, and rushed from the room, to return,

pale and haggard with passion, to fasten a quarrel upon his brother. All attempts at explanation were vain, and the mild and kindly authority of the angry youth's uncle could not prevent the explosion. The original cause of the discord was forgotten, and, in brief, the brothers parted that night in fierce wrath; Alfred secretly enraged with George for having, as he fancied, endeavoured to supplant him, or rather to steal a march upon him in the affection of their cousin, and, more openly, for having joined with her and the rest in ridiculing him; while George, roused at last by his brother's unreasonable and violent reproaches, angrily retorted, and vowed that neither under their uncle's roof, nor elsewhere, would he ever again meet Alfred as a fellow guest. Thus it was the feud began.

Years passed away, and brought with them their usual changes; but no salutary change was produced in the feelings of the two brothers towards each other. Well and truly is it said, in the inspired book, "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." It is true Alfred and George Hammond met "in church and at market," but all kindly, unconstrained intercourse was ended. It is true likewise that the original contention was looked upon by both, in their secret minds, as a foolish ebullition of temper; but they would not acknowledge this to each other, and, in the meantime, other causes of jealousy and strife had arisen.

For one thing, both of the young men had entered into business with the assistance of their uncle; but because a larger sum had been advanced by him on Alfred's behalf than on his own, George considered himself aggrieved, and his brother favoured. Then Alfred found that he had been needlessly alarmed about his brother's attentions to their cousin, since George, soon after the birth-day party, declared himself to be "engaged" to Julia Barton; but his hopes were nevertheless dashed to the ground by Amy's point-blank refusal of himself, and her acceptance of Edward Barton, Julia's brother. And Alfred, who said he could "put this and that together," attributed his disappointment to his brother's underhand influence, which he averred had been exerted with their cousin, out of spite to himself, and in favour of the brother of George's affianced bride. George angrily and contemptuously denied this; but Alfred refused to credit the denial, and though he soon afterwards consoled himself by wedding an old acquaintance, Agnes Osborn, he never forgave the hypothetical treachery of his brother; and thenceforward the feud was widened.

It is a severe trial to a benevolent man to find that his efforts on behalf of others are doomed to become prolific sources of discontent and jealousy. The last years of the proprietor of Brook Vale were beclouded by the misunderstandings and misconstructions of his relatives. He had interposed once and again between his brother and ruin: he had established that brother's two sons in business, and was ready to assist them still further if they needed assistance: he had willingly yielded to the wishes of his orphan niece, and suffered himself to be deprived of her society, and had handsomely portioned her at her marriage; and the end of it all was, that the whole family—himself excepted—

were set together by the ears. The brothers rarely spoke to each other when they met, and met as seldom as might be. Their wives, though old friends, and though they lived scarcely four miles apart, never entered each other's houses. Between Alfred Hammond and Edward Barton there was a strong feeling of pique and dislike, the relics, so to speak, of their former rivalry; and Amy, though she did not share her husband's dislike to her cousin, was, on more accounts than one, awkward and constrained towards both him and his wife. Between Amy and her husband on one hand, and her cousin George and his wife on the other, bound as they were by a double relationship, there might have been a better understanding; but unhappily, George, who had an eye to "the main chance," had quarrelled with—or if he had not exactly quarrelled, had looked with considerable jealousy on—some considerable tokens of partiality poor Amy had received from their uncle, and which he considered to have been improperly coaxed or wormed out of him. And thus it came to pass that the aged relative, to whom three families, at least, were indebted for the comforts with which they were surrounded, had to guard his conduct on every hand lest he should undesignedly incur the charge of injustice; and discovered that the very wealth for which he had laboured had thus been gathered together "to his own hurt," and had become the active ingredient in keeping alive a family feud. "And this also," Mr. Hammond said to himself, again and again, in the words of the wise man, "is a sore evil," until, bending beneath the weight of years and disappointment, he at length died.

A funeral meeting is a solemn one; and at such a time private resentments surely should be laid aside, if not totally abandoned. Reflections on the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the inevitable termination of all earthly envyings and strifes, as well as loves and friendships, would, one might suppose, dispose the mind to forgetfulness of wrongs, fancied or real. But, in general, it is not so. Under the "inky cloak" and the crape hatband are too often seen, by Him who sees all things, the heart of malice and the brain of busy scheming. And even in those from whom better things might be hoped for and expected, we ourselves have seen, under a flimsy covering of cold, formal, and constrained politeness, the workings of unchristian pride, jealousy, and concentrated prejudice.

The meeting at Brook Vale, at the funeral of its late owner, was of this sort. There was Anthony Hammond, the brother of the deceased, whose looks and bearing gave good reason to guess why he had sunk, while his elder brother had risen: there too were Alfred and George Hammond, the expectant legatees, with Edward Barton, who was not either without expectations derivable from the position towards the late proprietor of Brook Vale, in which his marriage had placed him. But the meeting of these mourners was scarcely one of even decent silence. Animosity was there, not family affection; for each looked upon the rest as so many impediments in the way of the entire fortune that would, but for these, have naturally fallen to his lot. Verily, "the love of money is the root of all evil," and the natural alimant of many a fierce family feud!

Well, the funeral was over; and then came the reading of the will. And then, after a short, ominous, black silence, came crinations and recriminations; the father against the sons, and the sons against the father; brother against brother, and brother-in-law against brother-in-law. Fire, unholy and vengeful, sprang up from the smouldering ashes of past resentments, fed afresh with new fancied wrongs.

"A pretty pair of dutiful sons!" said the aged brother of the departed, when he found that a small annuity only was bequeathed to him; "I may thank you for this, I guess—poisoning your uncle's mind against your own father. Fifty pounds a year for life! when I mayn't live five years. But 'tis your doing, my lads, and much good may it do you."

"Father, for shame! to make a false charge, like this," said George Hammond. "I tell you, nobody knew what was in the will, nor had any hand in making it. At least, I hadn't."

"Hadn't you?" asked his elder brother, with a flushed brow, and a voice in which passion was predominant. "No, I dare say not: you didn't know—not you—that you were down for twelve thousand, and I for eight? I tell you, George, that you are——"

"You had better not, Alfred, for I tell you, it doesn't want much to put my blood up just now. Remember how much money uncle laid down for you, when he bought your farm for you."

But we need not go on, and trace this melancholy scene to its close. It takes something to astonish a lawyer, we believe, used as men of that profession are to the shady side of human nature; but the gentleman who, on this occasion, officiated at the reading of the will, *was* astonished at the unseemly exhibition of disappointment and vexation he was doomed, on that occasion, to witness. And yet the will was a kind and equitable will. The estate of Brook Vale was bequeathed to Amy, the adopted child and sister's daughter of its late owner, burdened, however, with certain legacies, to be paid out of it, among which was the annuity to Anthony Hammond. Now, those legacies, especially that annuity, were so many "dead flies" in that "pot of ointment." Amy's husband had no objection to Brook Vale; but he had a great objection to the conditions annexed. A pretty thing that he should pay fifty pounds a year, for no one could tell how long, to a man who had no natural claim upon him, and who had two sons who ought in all reason to support him if he were not able to support himself. On the other hand, the two young Hammonds—they agreed in this, if in nothing else—declared indignantly that their cousin Amy and her husband had *no right* to Brook Vale, and that, after all their uncle had done for Amy in his lifetime, it was scandalous that the estate should go in that way, out of the family.

There was no help for it, however; nor for any of the bequests of the will, whatever fault might be found with them. The will was a valid one; not a flaw did it contain, nor a loose word to form the germ of a chancery suit. Old Mr. Hammond had taken care of that. The family feud had no room to vent itself in that way. But, unhappily, it had other ways of venting itself; and thence-



forward, for years and years, it became a proverb and a bye-word through all that part of Blankshire.

But let us do justice to one of the family—poor Amy. She had no part in the feud. Willingly, we think, would she have given up Brook Vale, if by that sacrifice she could have brought back the former happy days, or transfused into those present days the love and harmony of Brook Vale, such as it was before the demon of discord had entered it. But it was not to be—could not be, on any terms, while prejudices, made venerable by time, and strengthened by renewed provocations and misconceptions, distorted every word and look and action.

Years passed away, then, and Hammond, the amittant, had ceased to be “a drag” upon the Brook Vale estate. And yet it began to be whispered that, somehow or other, Mr. Edward Barton, the husband of Amy and the proprietor of Brook Vale, was not a prosperous man. He lived expensively, had speculated and lost, had encumbered his property, and embarrassed himself with mortgages, the interest of which he was increasingly unable to meet, until the whispers became loud spoken words. Nobody knew better than Alfred and George Hammond, the accumulated troubles which pressed heavily upon their poor cousin Amy and her husband, and none were better able than they to lend a helping hand. They had prospered in the world, and increased in riches, had set their hearts upon them, and grown callous.

At length a crisis came in the affairs of Edward Barton. The time allotted for the payment of a large mortgage was drawing to a close, when the mortgagee suddenly died, and left Alfred Hammond his sole executor. This was an astounding event to Barton, who, trusting to a verbal promise of the mortgagee to renew the mortgage, had put off until now, that, it might be, too late, the only safe course to be taken. Another week, and the mortgage would be foreclosed. In his agitation at first hearing the news, the embarrassed mortgagor paced the room in sad silence. Amy alone was there to witness his sorrow.

“You will go and see cousin Alfred,” at length she said; “he will not surely be so unkind, so cruel, as to take advantage of his power over us! You will go, Edward?”

Yes, there was no help for it. It was long since Edward Barton and Alfred Hammond had exchanged words, but they must do it now. And Amy’s husband mounted his horse, and rode to her cousin’s farm.

In vain, however. Amy never knew what passed between her husband and her cousin; but she could not, for one moment, misunderstand or misinterpret the angry spot that burned on his cheek as he rode furiously to the hall door, and threw the bridle of his reeking horse into the hand of one of his men who happened to be near.

“There is but one other resource,” said the weeping wife—“cousin George can help us, if he will.”

“And if by going across yonder lawn,” said her husband, “I could have his help for asking, I wouldn’t ask it. I have had enough of cousins to-day to last me a life-time.”

“George is your sister’s husband,” gently in-

terposed poor Amy; “and for the sake of our children—”

“For their sake, I will labour or starve, if need be, Amy, but not beg—not beg, at least, of cousins or brothers either.”

“Then I will go,” said the wife, with sudden energy. And she went. But it would not do. Poor Amy! she did not know till that day the full bitterness of a family feud.

“I shall have nothing to do with it,” was the stern response of cousin George. “As to Brook Vale, you never had any right to it, Amy; and ill-got goods never prosper. I tell you, No; not a poor hundred pounds would I lay down to keep it in your hands. Brook Vale!” he added, impetuously, “I hate the very name of it; and if it were at the bottom of the sea, I would not lend a hand to fish it up.”

And the next week—well, the lawyers know better than we can tell what was done the next week; but not many weeks passed away before, in the papers, was seen the advertisement with which our story began:—“To be sold by public auction, a valuable estate, called Brook Vale.”

And thus ended that act in this drama of life; but the family feud, alas! that is not ended yet. The lessons taught by this sad story—a story which has so many parallels in the world about us—are too obvious to require to be formally stated. May its recital tend to put us all upon our guard against the indulgence of those acrimonious and jealous feelings which form the germ of those dark poison trees, whose branches often overshadow the peace and prosperity of entire families for generations. How fearful an illustration is here supplied of the sacred proverb, that “the beginning of strife is as the letting out of water!”

### QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

“NERVOUSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA.—Dr. de Hom-bogge, licentiate of the College of Physicians of New York, president of the Medical Society of Gulleville, Ohio, having had great experience in affections of the nervous and digestive systems, is enabled, by a safe, speedy, and pleasant process, to remove all forms of nervousness and dyspepsia, however complicated they may be or of however long standing. Dr. de H.’s mode of treating indigestion does not incapacitate his patients for business, and is at once mild, soothing, and simple. Dr. de H. may be consulted at his residence, No. 40, Fleesum-street, Broadway, daily from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and on Sundays from 9 to 10½ A.M., where may also be had his ‘Treatise on Nervousness and Dyspepsia,’ price 1s. 6d. (or by post 2s.), containing numerous authentic cases treated with complete success by Dr. de H. Patients consulting Dr. de H. by letter should send full particulars of their case.”

“I wonder if he could do me any good,” said Edward Johnson to himself, when he had read over the above advertisement in one of the New York newspapers. “I cannot tell how it is, but somehow I have been sadly out of sorts lately. I will read it over again.” Accordingly he did so. “He dare not give false titles; if he did so he would be sure to be found out.”

Such were his musings after the second perusal. "I will write and see what he says," continued Edward, after a short pause; and accordingly, hurrying over the remainder of his breakfast, he penned an account of his sufferings to Dr. de Hombogge. The letter was a rather long one. Edward had to tell him that he could not eat as he once did; he had heartburn, headache, giddiness, spots before his eyes, and pain at the chest; he was nervous, particularly in company, low-spirited, and, in short, generally unhinged altogether; and to detail all these things in the round-about way which patients often adopt, was a work of some time. However, the letter was duly forwarded, and in a day or two came an envelope with Dr. de Hombogge, No. 40, Fleesum-street, Broadway, stamped on the back of it. Edward tore it open, thinking as he did so that it felt very thin.

"In consequence," so ran this precious communication, "of the great number of persons who consult him, Dr. de Hombogge is compelled to decline answering all communications which do not inclose the usual fee of one guinea." He turned over the small sheet of note paper on which this agreeable piece of information was printed with a feeling of disappointment and doubt as to what he should do next. "Well," mused he, "it is but fair to pay him for his advice, only I thought he would tell me first whether mine was a suitable case for his treatment or not. However, having gone so far, I will go on." A guinea was despatched. Next day came a longish epistle from the doctor, informing Edward that his digestive viscera were disordered, advising him to be careful what he ate and drank, and recommending early hours. This seemed very good, only Edward knew it all before. But now came the *core* of the letter: "I advise you," said the doctor, "to go through my course of medicine, and I will forward you what will suffice for one month, by which time you will most probably be quite well. The charge is five guineas, and you have already paid one; so, if you consent to this arrangement, you can forward me a post-office order for four guineas. I will then send you the necessary medicines by rail."

"There," said Edward, after reading this, "I have spent a guinea for nothing; for I cannot afford four more: how very unfortunate!"

He wrote to the doctor to acquaint him with this inopportune depression of his finances, secretly hoping that he would make some great reduction in his terms. But he dropped some expression which led the worthy Esculapian to believe that there would be no further pickings of any value in this quarter, so he sent no reply. Perhaps he did not like to hurt Edward's feelings by prolonging a fruitless correspondence—*perhaps* this was the cause of Dr. de Hombogge's silence. Be this as it may, after waiting for several days, Edward at length despaired of hearing anything further from the doctor, and ceased even to hope for an answer.

Not long after this, he met with a little book, "*Longevity versus Death*," by a Dr. Sharker, to which was appended a short treatise, called "*The Secret of Health*." There was an assumed tone of honesty in the book, and the appendix, though it went very closely to the borders of impropriety,

did not perhaps overstep them. The grand aim, however, of the writer was to recommend himself as the best doctor, and his *Essential Balm of Palestine* as the best medicine for sufferers from a long string of ailments, which was so contrived as to take in an amazing number of all the diseases known both at home and abroad. It so happened that the doctor was just about to visit a large town in one of the American States, near to which Edward was then residing. Dr. Sharker went rounds through many of the large towns, moved doubtless by pity for the numerous sufferers from the unskilful treatment of provincial medical men. This at least was the reason which he gave to some of his patients—those whom he perceived to have a large swallow—for many he knew would not be able to take this down. Edward resolved to call upon the doctor, and he did so. He was a solemn-looking gentleman, with a very massive gold watch chain. A course of the *Essential Balm of Palestine* was prescribed, and so confidently did Dr. Sharker predict a speedy cure, that he inspired his patient to some extent with the faith in his remedies which he himself seemed to have.

"I wish, though," thought Edward, on his return, "that he had not talked about the impotency of my nerves and the impotency of my stomach. I don't like that; but after all he may be a very clever man, though he did make a mistake in pronunciation." And after taking a few doses of the strongly stimulating *Essential Balm*, Edward felt sure that he *was* a very clever one. The medicine produced a temporary feeling of pleasurable excitement, which was mistaken for real improvement. Bottle after bottle was taken, and it cost no trifle to maintain this consumption; for of course a medicine composed chiefly of herbs gathered in Palestine could not be expected to be a very cheap one; and we have Dr. Sharker's authority for asserting that his herbs did come from that distant land, and certainly he ought to know. However, the after-fruits of the course did not equal the first ones. The impotency got worse instead of better, and Edward began to be seriously unwell. He gave up the balm: he had heard of something else. A gentleman in the neighbourhood who had been in the habit of drinking a bottle of wine daily, and taking a proportionate quantity of solid food to mix with it, had been cured of his dyspepsia by artopathy.

"Artopathy—what can that be?" says the reader. Wait a minute, and you shall know. We will pass over the derivation of the word; you can ask that of any Greek scholar who lives in your neighbourhood. Artopathy, then, is the "bread cure," and a very good cure too for some stomach complaints. "Bread is the staff of life," said one of the popular artopathic treatises; "and the more staves, therefore, you mend a man's stomach with, when it is out of order, the stronger it will of course be." Very good wit and very good logic, doubtless. However, Edward resolved to try artopathy, which had done such wonders for Mr. Gorgeall. He was to live on bread—bread morning, noon, and night—and bread pills between his meals. Bread poultices were to be applied to his stomach and worn constantly. It was astonishing how many devices were employed to put bread into different forms, so as to render it palatable—bread

puddings, baked and boiled, toasted bread, new bread, old bread, crumpets, muffins, biscuits hard and soft, hot rolls, bread crumbs, and innumerable other plans for forcing down bread as often and in as great quantities as possible; but no meat, no wine, and no physic were allowed under any circumstances. Edward persevered manfully for some months, but he only grew worse, and at length he was compelled to throw arthropathy overboard. He was now suffering all the horrors of dyspepsia; and they who know by sad experience what these horrors are will pity him.

He accordingly called on Mr. Jonathan Dasher, the family surgeon. Unhappily, Mr. Dasher was but a quack of another kind. As a medical student he had been famous for screwing off door-knockers and bell-handles, and for other similar exploits of manual dexterity; but he forgot that he was educating for a surgeon until the time had nearly arrived for him to commence practising for himself; and it is thought that he would have continued to forget this but for the disagreeable proximity of an examination which he must undergo before he could subscribe himself Jonathan Dasher, surgeon. So, as we said before, Mr. Dasher was, without knowing it, a quack too. Pills, mixtures, powders, blisters, bleedings, all were of no avail, for Edward grew worse and worse.

One day he was languidly looking over the advertisement of his old friend—enemy we had nearly said—Dr. de Hombogge, when his eye fell upon another, which ran as follows:—

"TO THE AFFLICTED.—Professor Puffin, of Baltimore, having made a new and important discovery in medical science, is desirous (not so much from motives of gain as from a desire to mitigate the sufferings of his fellow creatures) to extend to others the benefits of this real boon to humanity. Eminent senators, merchants, literary professors, and others, have already consulted Professor Puffin with great advantage, many of them after their cases had been pronounced incurable 'by the faculty.' Professor Puffin may be seen daily (except Sundays) between the hours of 10 and 5."

"Ah, this is what I want," exclaimed Edward; "a professor too; so it is certain to be all fair."

Before many days had passed he was on his way to have a personal interview with the learned gentleman. He went to the address given, No. 33, Quackton-street, Guller-square, New York, and was shown into a rather elegantly-furnished room. After waiting for about ten minutes, a brisk and somewhat foppishly-attired young man stepped into the room.

"Can I see Professor Puffin?" said Edward.

"I am very sorry, sir, but his hours of consultation are, as you see, over," replied the young man, holding towards him an elegant looking watch as he spoke. It was half-past five.

"But I must see him, if possible."

"Perhaps I can supply Mr. Puffin's place; I regularly do so in his absence, and perfectly understand his peculiar mode of treatment."

Edward looked at him incredulously. "Is it impossible for me to see him then?"

"Oh, sir, if you particularly wish it, I will give you his address."

"Thank you."

Off Edward now started for No. 27, Gammon-

street, in an obscure suburb of the city, wondering how it was that the gentleman had two addresses. He rang the bell, and the door of a dingy house was opened by a dirty looking servant. "Can I see Professor Puffin?"

"I'll inquire, sir."

After a little delay the girl returned. "Just now he is particularly engaged. Can you wait till to-morrow?"

"Say that it will greatly inconvenience me to wait."

He was then admitted, and shown into a mean-looking room. Near an old rickety chair stood the learned gentleman, in a smart black coat, but the rest of his apparel did not at all tally, for it looked faded and dirty. Mr. Puffin had evidently slipped on his consulting coat, but had not deemed it necessary to keep his patient waiting until he had decked himself with the remainder of his professional attire. He appeared a very sympathizing gentleman. The result of the interview was, that after certain payments Edward started off again for No. 33, Quackton-street, with a note for the polite youth who had so kindly expressed his willingness to treat Edward's case himself. Here he received a small box, containing the necessary medicines, and with it he started off home by rail the same evening. It contained sundry bottles and pills, with directions for use, and a copy of a valuable work, by Professor Puffin of Baltimore, on the laws of health, with a list of authentic cures; which, however, were so judiciously managed that it was impossible to verify them. Initials, stars, and dashes seemed to be great favourites with the learned gentleman. However, Edward was hopeful; he took the pills, swallowed the contents of the bottles, and followed out all the directions with praiseworthy assiduity. But all in vain, for he still got worse; and after persevering for a good many weeks he was compelled to desist. He had now permanent and distressing symptoms of disease. What must he do next? What he ought, reader, to have done at the first—gone to a good medical man. He was now completely incapacitated for business, and a friend who pitied and felt an interest in him mentioned his case to Mr. Simmon, an eminent New York surgeon. This gentleman, after seeing Edward, expressed an opinion that he could be of service to him; and as his finances were now greatly exhausted, with a kindness that contrasted strongly with that of the sharks who had been feeding upon their luckless patient, Mr. Simmon offered to treat Edward gratuitously. This offer was accepted, and after many months of suffering, during which Edward often almost despaired, a recovery set in, and he is now progressing cheerily towards a state of convalescence. He has learned a lesson which he believes he shall never forget, and, what is still better, sickness has brought with it thoughts and feelings to which he was before too great a stranger. It has taught him to estimate life at its real value—as a thing that is passing away, and where man's great business is to prepare for eternity.

This story is really founded on fact; the scenes having been mainly drawn from what has passed under the writer's eye. Such quacks, unhappily, are not confined to America. They swarm, as will be obvious to all who study the daily newspapers, in our own

country. Let those, then, whose health has been impaired, avoid those human, or rather inhuman sharks, who prey upon their victims by means of advertising baits, and let them intrust themselves when sick to the hands of some educated medical man, and, if possible, to one who is a scholar, a gentleman, and a christian. Happily many such are to be found.

### SUBTERRANEAN ROME.

FIRST PAPER.

OF the multitudes that throng the streets of Rome, mingling in the revelry of the carnival, or gazing with awe upon the colossal ruins of departed greatness, very few think of a city beneath their feet, by which not only a great part of the city is undermined, but whose ramifications stretch far out into the adjoining Campagna. If we may believe the Roman ciceroni, who, however, are not altogether trustworthy in the matter, the galleries and passages of this city extend for twenty miles. Certain it is that the excavations of the far-famed Roman catacombs—for to these we refer—are of vast and unknown extent. Seroux d'Agincourt, who devoted several years to exploring their dark and interminable recesses, describes an adventure which illustrates their immensity. It happened in that branch which reaches from the church of St. Agnes to the river. "These catacombs," he says, "had long been closed, and I had them opened in hopes of finding monuments. My undertaking was unsuccessful, and it involved me in extreme peril. My guides, as well as myself, were lost for more than an hour. We had the utmost difficulty in keeping our lights from being extinguished, and seemed on the point of ending our lives there. The same accident happened to my old friend M. Robert; and my draughtsman, M. Machiavelli, was once exposed to the same danger. Montfaucon, in his 'Diarium Italicum,' relates a similar accident to another Frenchman and himself. We made our escape from the catacombs at last, by discovering one of the openings which served for the purpose of letting down bodies in the first ages of Christianity." These holes for the lowering of bodies and the admission of light and air are numerous; and, together with chasms where the superincumbent soil has given way and fallen in, are dangerous pitfalls to the incautious horseman.

The catacombs of Rome originated, we may mention, in excavations for building material. The imperial city stands upon a soil of volcanic origin, which has extensive beds of travertine and other rocks, so soft as to be easily worked, and yet hard enough for the architect's purpose. Layers of sand likewise occur, which is greatly valued from its cohesive properties when made into mortar. With the very earliest ages of the city the work of excavating these beds and layers began, and materials for the greater part of the buildings on the surface were thus procured from the quarries beneath. This continued for many centuries, until the soil under and around the city has been burrowed into a network of galleries and passages, which are sometimes two or three deep, each of them being generally about eight feet high by four or five wide.

These dark and dreary caverns were once populous, but not with the living. Beneath imperial Rome was a necropolis—a city of the dead. Slaves, poor strangers, and others, who from any cause were excluded from family sepulchres, were buried here; \* and here, too, the Christians brought their dead. The bodies of the martyrs, mangled in the amphitheatre, mutilated by the sword, burnt at the stake, here found rest, till the avarice of Papal Rome invaded the sanctity of the tomb, and dragged thence, ruthlessly and indiscriminately, crumbling skeletons and rotten grave-clothes, to replenish her coffers by their sale as relics. There exists, we may observe, at Rome, a society of twenty-four persons who are called *Cavatori delle Catacombe*, whose sole business it is to explore the catacombs and supply the demand for the remains of martyrs and saints. By a whimsical arrangement, they are paid out of the fees received from the sale of indulgences for marriage within the prohibited degrees.

It is their connexion with the early and persecuted church, however, which invests the catacombs with their deepest interest. They afforded a refuge for the Christians when living, and a place of sepulture when dead. Either by the conversion to the new faith of some of the quarrymen who worked in these subterranean recesses, or by the consignment to these sepulchral vaults of some of the enslaved Christians (many of whom we know to have been condemned to work in the quarries), the persecuted church gained free access to the spot. Sheltered far underground, the melody of their hymns could not reach the upper air. Superstitious terrors rendered their enemies loth to follow them into this abode of death; and, if pursued, faithful guides acquainted with the intricacies of the place enabled them to baffle pursuit in the dark and tortuous passages. Some, indeed, of the galleries seemed to have been blocked up by artificial means, so as to render the more distant ramifications almost inaccessible; and sheltered in them, some of the early Christians, for a series of years, eluded the pursuit of their sanguinary persecutors. Hippolytus, a Christian fugitive, was thus for a long time hidden, being supplied with food by the children of his sister Paulina, who, with her husband Adrian, though heathens, were yet faithful and kind to their relative. The unconverted state of the latter, living in the darkness of heathenism, preyed upon Hippolytus' mind; and gratitude for their kindness, as well as affection for their children, who were the messengers of their bounty, rendered him growingly anxious that they should come to the knowledge of the truth. He therefore concerted a plan with his fellow fugitives for the detention of the children when they next came. The parents were thus compelled to seek them in the catacombs, where, after many efforts, they themselves at length yielded to the arguments and entreaties of their brother, and were baptized by Stephen, Bishop of Rome, who had long been a resident in the subterranean hiding-place. Being eventually discovered and seized, they all received the crown of martyrdom together.

\* Dr. Maitland, in his very valuable and interesting volume, "The Church in the Catacombs," seems to deny this; but the very passage he quotes from Horace is sufficient to prove it.



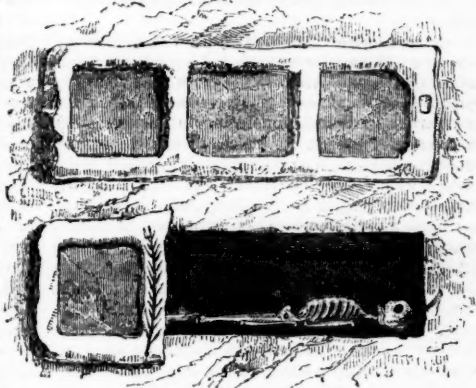
Dark and intricate as these recesses were, they did not always afford a secure retreat. Guiseppe Sanchez asserts that, in the catacombs which he describes, several hundreds took refuge from the Diocletian persecution, and being pursued were put to death on the spot. Three bishops of Rome, Xystus, Stephen, and Caius, are also said to have suffered martyrdom there; the last, after residence in them for eight years.

For the purposes of worship, several passages into vaulted chambers were enlarged, and we can still discover indications of the religious assemblies, in fonts for the administration of baptism, slabs of stone on which the eucharistic bread and wine were placed, and sacred symbols inscribed upon the walls. How inexpressibly affecting must have been the meetings for worship here! cut off by a frightful abyss from the abodes of living men—surrounded by the dead—the torch dispelling for a little space the sepulchral gloom which encircled the band of worshippers, with a wall of darkness so dense as to seem solid—while the silence of the grave is broken at intervals by hymns of joy and triumph, and by the words, "I am the resurrection and the life: whoso believeth in me shall never die." Suddenly the tramp of men and the clatter of arms are heard sounding along the vaulted aisles. In an instant the torch is extinguished, a few suppressed whispers are heard, and the guides have led the faithful band beyond the reach of danger. Or, perhaps, there has been treachery, and every avenue has been occupied by the soldiers. Driven like frightened deer from point to point, the toils close around them; and young children, timid virgins, brave young men, and aged pastors, are alike cut down with ruthless cruelty! A Christianity that endured perils like these joyfully, must have been—in most cases at least—a real, not a nominal thing.

The name of cemetery, derived from a Greek word meaning a bed-chamber or sleeping-place, has been given to the excavations we have described, in consequence of their having been the spot where the Christians interred their dead. The idea that death itself was, to the true Christian, but "a falling asleep," was thus brought to mind by the very name given to the body's final resting-spot. Numerous inscriptions have been discovered, marking the graves of the members of the primitive church; and these little mementos, unimportant as they may have appeared at the time, furnish very important historical evidence as to the state of feeling prevalent among the poor and illiterate Christians in early times. Dr. Maitland, adverting to this subject, admirably says: "The fathers of the church live in their voluminous works; the lower orders are only represented by these simple records, from which, with scarcely an exception, sorrow and complaint are banished; the boast of suffering, or an appeal to the revengeful passions, is nowhere to be found. One expresses hope, another faith, a third charity. The genius of primitive christianity, 'to believe, to love, and to suffer,' has never been better illustrated. These 'sermons in stones' are addressed to the heart, not to the head—to the feelings rather than to the taste." These inscriptions are sometimes so rude in execution, so ungrammatical in construction,

and so incorrect in spelling, as to render it difficult to determine their meaning; but this rather increases than diminishes their value, since it proves them to be the natural and spontaneous utterances of illiterate believers.

The graves are niches cut in the rocky walls, one above another, in which the bodies were deposited, and then closed with slabs in the manner shown in the annexed cut. These occur generally



in three tiers, and the total number of interments must have been immense. M. d'Agincourt speaks of them as forming millions.

Many of these graves have been opened, but on most of them time, as might have been expected, has done its devastating work. "It would be difficult," says the French writer just named, "to form an exact idea of the remains of a human body reduced so nearly to annihilation. A little white dust showed where the head, the bones of the shoulder, thighs, knees, and ankles had been.



This dust showed the direction of the bones, but it was not a body, not even a skeleton, that we saw; they were vestiges, hardly to be traced, and at a breath the whole disappeared." Some idea of the inscriptions referred to may be gathered from the accompanying cut. The epitaph, when translated, runs thus: "Valeria sleeps in peace." This association of the terms "sleep" and "peace" is a very common one in these inscriptions. We constantly meet with such phrases as these: "Porcella sleeps here in peace;" "Zoticus is here gone to sleep;" "The dormitory of Elpis." If we were to translate the name of the deceased in the last inscription, we should have the very suggestive phrase—the dormitory of hope!

Many of the epitaphs are very touching from their simple pathos. The following is in Greek, and therefore probably inscribed over a convert of

that nation: "Dear Tuché, sweet soul, my daughter Tuché." What a depth of silent affection is unveiled in these few words! The language shows the bereaved parent not to have been a native of Rome, but a stranger there. Perhaps with his daughter he had fled thither, having forsaken all, and now that she was taken from him he was left alone. And yet not alone, if he was a true follower of the Saviour; for, reader, he gives his followers his choicest consolations in the hour of sorrow and affliction.

Here is another inscription over a daughter's tomb, of a different character: "To Faustina, my fearless girl, who lived XXI years." From the epithet—fortissima—we may conjecture that she had braved perils in "ministering to the necessities of the saints" when concealed in the catacombs, or had professed a good profession before many hostile witnesses. The following, copied by Dr. Maitland, is affixed to the tomb, and records the death of a martyr who seems to have been surprised by the persecutors whilst on his knees:

"Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He died under the Emperor Antonine, who, though he foresaw that much benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For while on his knees and about



to worship the true God, he was led away to execution. Oh, sad times! in which we are not safe, even in caverns, whilst we offer worship and prayers! What more miserable than such a life? or what more miserable than death in which they cannot be buried by their friends and parents? but at last they sparkle in heaven."



The symbols given in the foregoing inscription are of very common occurrence throughout the catacombs. The first is a monogram, in which a cross is combined with the Greek initials of the word Christ, and was used to intimate that the deceased had "fallen asleep in Christ." The second represents a palm branch, the badge of victory, and has a very obvious reference to the passage in the Apocalypse, where the redeemed are described "with palms in their hands." The meaning of the third is obscure, but probably it is a censor, and contains an allusion to the act in which Alexander was engaged when arrested. A great variety of other symbols are found; the enumeration and exposition of which would protract this paper to an undue length.

We have space for only two more epitaphs. "In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough when, with his blood, he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well deserving set up this with tears and in fear."



The next is selected partly as a touching instance of fidelity in a Christian female servant, and partly on account of a peculiarity in the inscription itself; the words are chiefly Latin, but most of the letters Greek. The cause of this incongruity probably was, that she being, as her name shows, a Greek, had learnt to write her own language, and subsequently, from living in a Ro-

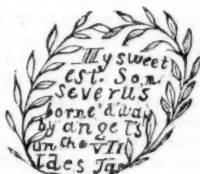
man family, had learnt to speak Latin; so that when she came to write the epitaph, she expressed the sounds most familiar to her in the only letters she was able to form. The inscription is:—"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was murdered, with all his family, for the faith: they rest in peace. Theophila, his handmaid, set up this."



Two reflections are forced upon the mind by these records of the feelings of the primitive church. In the first place, we notice the entire absence of anything approaching to the doctrines of the Papacy. Martyrs are buried with a simple statement of the fact that they died for the faith. No sanctity is attached to the place where they lie; no efficacy ascribed to their intercessions. Christ and his atoning sacrifice on the cross are their only hope. If any other mediation save his were sought, we must surely have found indications of it here, yet there is not the faintest or remotest acknowledgment of any beside the one "advocate, Jesus Christ the righteous." This the papal authorities so strongly feel, that they will allow no more copies to be made from the Lapidarian Gallery.

Again: what a comforting view is given us of the power of Christian faith, when we reflect that it cheered and supported these poor sufferers in their dark and gloomy habitation, at a time, too, when they were in daily peril of death! Happy will it be for us if our faith is as pure and abiding as theirs.

We leave the accompanying epitaph to speak for itself. Through the long vista of centuries we seem in it to hear, as it were, a voice from the tomb, telling us of nature's anguish in the hour of bereavement, softened and alleviated by Christian consolation.



#### A GROAT'S-WORTH OF RAIL.

THERE are few pleasanter modes of spending a leisure hour on a fine summer's day, supposing the object we have in view is a little change of scene and a breath of fresh air, than by taking a ride on the Blackwall Extension Railway. This little line, which appears to be a great favourite with the public, has been opened about two years; its course describes a curve bending from the north round to the east, and embracing about one-fourth of the circumference of the metropolis. To the stranger, to whom the somewhat singular aspect of the suburbs of our overgrown capital must present some matters of interest, it presents a good and facile opportunity of viewing them to advantage. We shall constitute ourselves his guide and companion for the occasion; and, setting out from the city station in Fenchurch-street, shall endeavour to point out such objects as, in the flying glimpses we can catch of them as we are whirled along, seem most worthy of attention.

The fare from any one station on the whole line to any other, be the distance either a single mile or the whole ten, is a uniform rate of fourpence,

and return tickets are issued along the whole route for sixpence each; these are second-class fares, those of the first-class being a third higher. Having paid your money at the foot of the stairs, you surrender your ticket as soon as you have got it, and mount to the platform, where, as the trains run regularly every quarter of an hour, you have never long to wait. A train has just come in on the opposite side, and a troop of passengers bursting from the open doors of every carriage, are defiling rapidly towards the exit from the station, where they disappear with a most business-like rapidity. While you are looking around, the porter admonishes you to take your seat, which you have scarcely done, when slam goes the door and off we roll, at a gentle pace at first, into a very dim and dusky region of brick walls, roofed in with tiles, pierced here and there with a window, which affords but a sort of rushlight glimmer into the darkness. But the darkness runs rapidly away in the rear as our speed increases, and forth we leap into the sunshine, and away we scour over the red heads of a vast level wilderness of houses, every one of which seems turning round to look at us as we steam along. We are about thirty feet above the level of the ground; the foreground of our landscape is rugged with roofing of every practicable shape, and populous with chimneys, all engaged in one complex and stately minuet: some are very young and very short, shining in new red jackets and cocked hats, and others are very old and exceeding tall, and addicted to smoking worse than any German; but all are dancing to the music of our locomotive's pipe to an astonishingly quick time, and whirling off apparently towards St. Paul's. If you cast a glance below, you may enjoy the privilege, if you deem it such, of a momentary view of the domestic economy of a thousand families, but it is a question whether you will be much the wiser for the inquisition, unless indeed you possess extraordinary facilities for observation. For instance, down here at the right, about even with the rails upon which we are spinning along, you see a figure at a window doing something. Is it a man shaving himself? is it Captain Blowhard putting on his coat? is it his industrious wife ironing out his linen for next Sunday? is it Mrs. Suds hanging out Mr. Suds' garments to dry? is it some neighbour, gaping with open mouth upon the train dashing by even with his nose? You don't know; it may be any or all of these, but you can't tell which; and all you derive from your privilege of observation is, the conviction that you have seen somebody doing something, you don't know what. Lift your eyes a little and look further abroad: the thousand spires of London are fast retreating on the left, and to the right the masts and rigging of tall ships shoot up above the roofs and chimney tops; here and there a vision of green trees, and brown water, and a man sculling a boat in a whitey-brown canal, varies the scene. We slacken speed; whee-e-et! goes the whistle, and in a moment or two more we are stopping at Stepney. We shall not stay here long, but long enough to recall to mind some reminiscences that should not be buried in oblivion.

There is a notion prevailing among sailors that those who are born at sea belong to Stepney parish. This, however, is a mere hallucination of Poor

Jack's, and might perhaps be traced to a fact which there is no disputing, namely, that a good many who are born at Stepney, in after life belong to the sea. The word "Stepney" is a corruption of "Stebenhythe," the ancient name of the place, which is of considerable antiquity. In the old church, a rather curious structure, whose original design has been destroyed by modern innovation, lies Richard Pace, who was in his day vicar of the parish, and the friend and correspondent of the great Erasmus. A later notoriety who there also sleeps at peace was the Rev. John Entinck, of boarding-school celebrity, the author of all those dogs-eared dictionaries and spelling-books in sheep-skin which bothered us so when we were boys. He has some notable companions in death; among others the father of Strype the historian, and the wife of Oakey the regicide. The burying-ground has long been famous for its curious epitaphs.

This is all about Stepney for the present. We have set down a score of passengers and taken in as many more, and are already puffing away towards the next station. Yonder to the right a branch of the railway leads off through Shadwell and Poplar to Blackwall, and at Stepney station passengers to Blackwall from the north of London have to alight and change carriages. From Stepney to Bow the distance is but a very few minutes; we have left the city behind us and are now fairly in the suburbs; a glimpse of the river is obtained on the right as we rattle along, and considerable indications of the forest of shipping that crowds its surface are seen above the buildings and warehouses that line the shore. As we sweep round, however, these all get behind us; we descend gradually from our altitudes and get a little nearer the common earth; the close colony of bricks is now exchanged for something not unlike a rural village; houses, it is true, there are in plenty, but many of them have gardens in front and trees before their doors and fields not far off. Now we are bowling across Bow Common, and now we are skirting an angle of the Tower Hamlets Cemetery. The landscape opens as we proceed, but shuts up again as we stop at the Bow station for a second exchange of passengers.

Bow, or Stratford-le-Bow, derives its two names from a ford over the river Lea, near one of the Roman highways in the neighbourhood, and from a bridge built over the stream with bows or arches by Matilda, queen of Henry I. The place, it would seem, enjoyed a sort of notoriety in Chaucer's time, for he says of his prioress:—

"And Frensch sche spok ful faire and fetysly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe."

It was formerly populous with bakers, who, up to the time of Henry the Eighth, supplied London with bread. It was the fashion with our ancestors in "the good old times," to make pic-nic excursions to Bow, and to feast on the cream and cakes for which the place was as famous as it appears to be barren in historical or literary associations.

But we are in motion again, and hurrying fast on our route to Hackney. Soon after leaving Bow, we pass under the Eastern Counties Railway, and find ourselves rolling on gaily in the open country. To the right we have a view of the verdant meadows on the banks of the river Lea, where old

Isaac Walton, two hundred years ago, loved to wander, angle in hand, and make acquaintance with his friends the fishes, with a view of promoting them to his frying-pan. On the left are tea-gardens, and nursery-grounds, and bowling-greens, and fruitful orchards, and rope-walks, and children playing in the fields; and now we are skirting the eastern boundary of Victoria-park, and already the square tower of Hackney old church rises in the distance. A few minutes more, and Hackney, with its trim gardens, neat residences, and plentiful foliage, lies at our feet as we stop for a few moments opposite the square walls of the time-worn church-tower.

Hackney, which gave a name to hackney-coaches, has survived its own etymology, and nothing now is known of the derivation of the name it bears. Though now by no means a fashionable locality, it was once the residence of many noble families. Near two centuries ago, its presbyterian chapel was famous throughout the land; the celebrated Matthew Henry, the biblical commentator, succeeded men of scarcely less note in their time, and preached at this chapel for many years; most of his literary labours were wrought here. A notorious character of very different repute, the usurer John Ward, who was satirized by Pope, also lived here, and the site of his house still bears the name of Ward's corner. Strype, the historian, was lecturer here for thirty-five years, and died here in 1737, in his ninety-fourth year. In Hackney the great Dr. South was born, the parliamentary general, Fairfax, was married, and Owen Rowe, the regicide, was buried. We learn from the current literature of the last century that Hackney was then celebrated for its nursery-gardens, whither the fashionables of the time were accustomed to resort; and for its ladies' boarding-schools, where they had their daughters educated. Thus a sanguine author is in the "Tatler" represented as saying: "For the publication of this discourse, I wait only for subscriptions from the under-graduates of each university and the young ladies in the boarding-schools at Hackney," etc.

From Hackney, as the locomotive begins again to cough, we move on to Kingsland. Perhaps this short ride is the most picturesque part of the whole route, forming as it does a series of pictures, half pure landscape, half suburban views, such as Patrick Naysmith delighted to paint. Soon, however, they are shut out of view by the steep banks of a cutting; we feel our pace sensibly retarding, and now we stop once more at Kingsland, of which we have nothing particular to say, and whence, having dropped two passengers and picked up one, we are off again directly to Highbury and Islington. The railway runs nearly the whole of this distance between high banks, which, with the blue sky and the electric wires of the telegraph, form the whole of the prospect. We arrive at Islington underground, and, burrowing beneath the foundations of the "Cock" Tavern, stop at the Highbury station, where we shall get rid of most of our companions in the journey. While they are getting out and clearing off, we may glance, with the mind's eye at least, at "merry Islington."

Islington, once called Iseldon or Yseldon, has been famous for many things in its time—for its statesmen, its authors, its artists, its ducking-

ponds, its cheesecakes, its custards, and its cow-keepers. If among this list of notabilities those standing first may be said to have declined, the last-mentioned at least have kept their place, since within a few stones' throws of the spot whence our engine is snorting to get free, some thousand or so of milch cows, comfortably stalled and fed, are doing their best to supply the metropolis with their indispensable fluid. At a distance hardly greater, though in an opposite direction, stands Canonbury Tower, supposed to have been built by Sir John Spencer towards the end of the sixteenth century. In the time of Goldsmith, it was let out in apartments, and Newbery, the bookseller, having lodgings there, lent them for a hiding-place to poor Goldy, who was flying from his creditors, and who there, under the pressure of want, wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield." Collins, the author of the "Ode to the Passions," resided in Islington during the latter part of his life. Alexander Cruden, the author of the "Concordance," was found dead on his knees in the posture of prayer in a house in Camden-passage. John Nicholls, who conducted the "Gentleman's Magazine" for half a century, was born in Islington, and lived in Highbury-place, almost close to the present railway station; and Charles Lamb first assumed the dignity of a housekeeper in Colebrooke-row.

Leaving Islington, our underground way lies for some distance between solid walls of brick spanned with numerous bridges, from which in a minute or two we emerge upon a level, affording us a view of Pentonville Model Prison, backed by fields and trees, and Highgate-hill, crowned with its solitary church spire, in the distance. In a minute more we are upon a viaduct crossing the Caledonian-road, where we stop for a moment at another station, after which we dash on, and flying at rather a giddy height over the Great Northern line, which here burrows under Copenhagen-fields, proceed on to the Camden-road station, where we drop our passengers for Camden Town. This delightfully situated suburb of London owes its name, although indirectly, to Camden, the author of the "Britannia," whose descendants are, or were, the owners of most of the landed property in the district. The erection of Camden Town commenced in 1791; at that time it stood alone, far from the smoke and din of London; at the present moment it is as effectually joined to the metropolis as though Temple Bar were its neighbour.

From Camden Town to Hampstead-road is but a short viaduct route, through a very favourable sample of the London suburb, across long lines of genteel streets varied with retired gardens and snug villas. At Hampstead-road our journey ends; there the railway joins the North-Western line, and affords to travellers journeying from Birmingham, Liverpool, and the north of the island, and bound for any of the places through which we have passed, the convenience of proceeding at once to their homes without incurring the expense or delay of coach-hire from Euston-square. It is not to be wondered at that the advantages of such a line of route as we have above described should be pretty generally appreciated, and that, in summer time especially, multitudes should avail themselves of this little railway as a means of transport. It brings Gravesend—whither so many Londoners



migrate in fine weather—an hour and a half nearer to Islington, for instance, than it used to be. It is possible now, tide favouring, to get from Holloway or Highbury to that port in an hour and a half—first proceeding to Blackwall by this rail, and then stepping on board the boat which waits for the arrival of the train. But we have no intention of puffing the property—not being a shareholder—we merely invite attention to the railway as one of the phenomenal indications of our modern rate of progress, and as affording to the stranger the means of studying certain phases of city life at a cheap and easy rate.

### THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

AMERICAN genius has been unusually prolific of late in the production of works of sterling merit and commanding interest. Never before, perhaps, has the British press teemed with so many reproductions of transatlantic publications, of a class which appear generally to realize an unprecedentedly large circulation. In the presence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and some of the literary satellites that have followed its shining track, and basked themselves in its beams, English authorship seems to have suffered a temporary eclipse. Among the latest importations from the western continent is a treatise bearing the somewhat secular title of "How to make Money," or an inquiry into the chances of success and causes of failure in business. Aware of the thorough-going character and keen acquisitiveness of a people who have been rather severely satirized as "the worshippers of the dollar," we were prepared to find somewhat reprehensible views advocated. We confess, however, that our examination of the work was attended with an agreeable disappointment, as regards its tone and tendency, which, although not taking the high ground of Christian authorship, has much that merits the attention of those who are about to embark upon the dangerous currents of active life. In the chapter which treats upon the habits that are essential to the attainment of success and honourable competence in every department of trade, there are some excellent remarks, and which, being at all times seasonable and important, we extract, commending them especially to the attention of young men.

"Habits of business," says Mr. Freedley,\* "include six qualities: *Industry, arrangement, calculation, prudence, punctuality, and perseverance.* Are you industrious? Are you methodical? Are you calculating? Are you prudent? Are you punctual? Are you persevering? If so, you possess what is known by the familiar term, habits of business. It is not the possession of any one of these qualities in perfection, nor the occasional exercise of them by fits and starts, as it is called, that will constitute a man of business; but it is the possession of them all in an equal degree, and their continuous exercise as habits, that gives reputation and constitutes ability. The difference in men and their success may be attributed, in a measure, to a difference in their business habits; and many a man has made

his fortune with no other capital than their superior cultivation. In fact, a large capital and excellent opportunities, without them, will only provoke greater disaster and a more wide-spread ruin. Perfection in most things is unattainable; yet men have attained to a greater degree of perfection in the cultivation of these qualities than in almost anything else; and, at all events, it is certain that he who 'aimeth at the sun, though he may not hit his mark, will shoot higher than he that aimeth at a bush.'

"*Industry* is the energetic engagement of body or mind in some useful employment. It is the opposite of that Indian's maxim, which says, 'It is better to walk than to run, and better to stand still than to walk, and better to sit than to stand, and better to lie down than to sit.' " *Industry* is the secret of those grand results that fill the mind with wonder—the folios of the ancients, the pyramids of the Egyptians, those stupendous works of internal communication in our own country that bind the citizens of many different states in the bonds of harmony and interest. The tendency of matter is to rest, and it requires an exercise of force or of will to overcome the *vis inertia*. When a thing should be done, it must be done *immediately*, without parleying or delay. A repeated exercise of the will, in this way, will soon form the habit of industry.

"*Arrangement* digests the matter that industry collects. It apportions time to duties, and keeps an exact register of its transactions; it has a post for every man, a place for every tool, a pigeon-hole for every paper, and a time for every settlement. A perfectly methodical man leaves his books, accounts, etc., in so complete a shape on going to bed that, if he were to die during the night, everything could be perfectly understood. Jeremiah Evarts is represented to have been a model of industry and arrangement. A friend says: 'During years of close observation in the bosom of his family, I never saw a day pass without his accomplishing more than he expected; and so regular was he in all his habits, that I knew to a moment when I should find him with his pen, and when with his tooth-brush, in his hand; and so methodical and thorough that, though his papers filled many shelves when closely tied up, there was not a paper among all his letters, correspondence, editorial matter, and the like, which he could not lay his hands on in a moment. I never knew him search for a paper; it was always in its place.' Some manifest this habit at an earlier age than others, and apparently exercise it with less difficulty; but any one with attention may acquire it.

"*Calculation* is the mind of business. A readiness in calculation gives a man a great advantage over his less experienced neighbour; and many a man has brought his fish to a bad market from inability to calculate quickly and accurately. To attain the habit of quick calculation without the aid of a slate and pencil, Dr. Alcott recommends that the learner seize on 'every circumstance which occurs in his reading, where reckoning is required, and, if possible, stop at once and compute it. Or, if not, let the place be marked, and, at the first leisure moment, let him turn to it and make the estimates.

"Suppose he reads of a shipwreck. The crew is

\* "How to make Money," by E. T. Freedley.

said to consist of thirty men, besides the captain and mate, with three hundred and thirteen passengers, and a company of sixty grenadiers. The captain and mate, and ten of the crew, escaped in the long boat. The rest were drowned, except twelve of the grenadiers, who clung to a floating fragment of the wreck, till they were taken off by another vessel. Now is there a single person in existence, who would read such an account, without being anxious to know how many persons in the whole were lost? Yet nine readers in ten would not know, and why? Simply because they will not stop, and use what little addition and subtraction they possess.

"But calculation, as a business habit, is not limited to arithmetic. It deals with principles as well as figures, and frequently arrives at principles by means of figures. It deduces the value of economy, and distinguishes between a true and a false economy. It shows that a man who spends 7s. 6d. in hiring a horse, and also the greater part of a day, to purchase six or eight bushels of wheat at sixpence a bushel less than he must have given nearer home, is not so economical as he may have imagined. It satisfactorily demonstrates that honesty is the best policy, and that a rogue is a fool. There is nothing debasing in reducing everything to a rigid system of calculation; and principles that will not bear it are not sound. A man takes advantage of confidence to perpetrate an act of villany; is he a wise man or a fool? How does his account stand? On the debtor side is found the confidence of the community, which would have supported him for life, lost; his family disgraced; his happiness embittered; his soul endangered, and much more. On the creditor side is found a temporary advantage gained, and the balance is largely against him. The man who killed his goose to get at the golden eggs has not been handed down to us as a very wise man; and Solomon says, 'He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.' Policy, right, reason, and revelation, all harmonize.

"*Prudence* is defined to be wisdom applied to practice. Under prudence are comprehended the discreet suiting and disposing as well of actions as of words in their due place, time, and manner. It is principally in reference to actions to be done, and due means, order, season, and method of doing or not doing. In a case where the probabilities on the one hand somewhat preponderate over the other, yet if there be no considerable hazard on that side which has the least probability, and a very great apparent danger in a mistake about the other, prudence will oblige a man to do that which may make most for his safety. It is always prudent in matters of importance to conceal intentions, or we may be anticipated by others. It is prudent to withhold confidence from an entire stranger, and in some cases to do nothing.

"*The proper time or age for commencing business on one's own account* is a question for prudence to decide. It is imprudent in any one to embark in it without that moderate capital ordinarily required in the business. It is imprudent in a young man to accept a loan from a money-lender, giving his friends as security, in order to get that moderate capital. *But suppose that the friends*

*of a young man who is of age, and out of his apprenticeship, propose to furnish him the necessary capital to set up business, is it prudent in him to embark?* I will merely express a few of the arguments on both sides, and leave it to the exercise of the individual judgment. A good deal undoubtedly depends on the previous education, and the extent of his knowledge. Experience is a relative term; a man at twenty-one has frequently more knowledge than many men of forty. Knowledge, not experience, is the one thing needful. Experience is only one of the ways of arriving at knowledge. 'Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity, and beasts by nature.' The mind is a thing of impulse, of quick penetration; it acquires its knowledge of life by bounds and flights. In war, literature, and statesmanship, the greatest exploits of the most renowned men have been performed at an early age. Hannibal crossed the Alps before he was twenty-four. Alexander the Great died at thirty-three. Byron wrote "*Childe Harold*" at twenty-one. Buonaparte was First Consul before he was thirty. 'Of all the great human actions ever heard or read of,' says Montaigne, 'of what sort soever, I have observed, both in former ages and our own, more have been performed before than after the age of thirty. May I not confidently instance those of Hannibal, and his great competitor, Scipio? The better half of their lives they lived upon the glory they had acquired in their youth; great men, it is true, in comparison with others; but by no means in comparison with themselves.'

"On the other side, we have the general observation of mankind, that those who succeed best in business, generally begin life with 'an axe and a tow shirt, and work themselves gradually up. We have the facts that Girard was a poor man at thirty, and even at forty; that Rothschild did not get his capital of 20,000*l.* till after he was thirty years old; that at thirty, Astor had not made his first thousand dollars, which, he says, was harder to make than all the others. We have the assertion of men who have spent twenty years in their avocation, that, although they thought themselves wise when they began, they were exceedingly ignorant. We have the knowledge that an energetic prosecution of business makes large draughts on the physical constitution; and the assertion of medical men that the frame does not harden till thirty; and, lastly, (we cite the illustration with all reverence,) we have the example of our Saviour, who did not commence his ministry till he was thirty years of age. Now, when doctors disagree, who shall decide? I will merely remark, that a man who has, or can obtain, a good situation, should not abandon it from slight reasons; that the task of the employed is easier than the employer; and that the reputation of doing business on one's own account is a consideration too trifling to influence a wise man's decision.

"*Punctuality* is the hinge of business. It is a virtue that all men reverence in theory, but all do not carry into practice. We like a punctual man, because he respects his word, and has a regard for our convenience: we dislike an unpunctual man, because he interferes with our plans, consumes our time, causes uneasy feelings, and im-

plicity tells us that we are not of sufficient importance, in his estimation, to make him prompt. Punctuality has reference to time engagements, money engagements, and engagements for work. It is a quality that is usually found in connection with other good qualities, as the want of it argues the absence of other essential habits. A want of system, defective calculation, and imprudence in making promises when the probabilities of fulfilling them are very uncertain, are frequent causes of want of punctuality. To be unpunctual is sometimes considered a mark of consequence by little great men; but truly great men have always thought differently. Blackstone was punctual, and could never be made to think well of any one notoriously defective in this virtue. Lord Brougham, while a kingdom seemed to be resting on his shoulders—who presided in the House of Lords and the Court of Chancery, who gave audience daily to barristers, and found time to be at the head of at least ten associations—was so punctual, it is said, that, when these associations met, he was uniformly at his place in the chair when the hour of meeting had arrived.

"In the complexity of business affairs, it is not always possible to be punctual in all things; but it is always possible to avoid the infliction of trouble and uneasiness. In payments of money, creditors generally compel their debtors to fix a time of payment, and these promises are made, and understood to be made, conditionally, on the fact of having the money at the time, which is not always the case. When this occurs, a punctual man will not keep his creditor in suspense as to the cause, or put him to the trouble of calling to ascertain it; but will give him timely intimation of the fact by sending a note or an agent, or calling himself, and renew the promise. A man who does so, though he fails a dozen times in the same transaction, is more worthy of credit than the clown who, besides keeping you out of your money, consumes your time, and causes uneasy feelings.

"Perseverance is the last of the business habits that we have to notice. It means the steady pursuit of a plan, whether good or bad; but it would be very unwise to persevere in a plan which conscience or practice had proved to be bad. In actual life, where there are so many different pursuits, and different ways of doing the same thing, it means steadiness in the execution of whatever plan is determined upon. Burgh makes mention of a merchant who, at first setting out, opened and shut his shop every day, for several weeks together, without selling goods to the value of a penny, who, by the force of application for a course of years, rose, at last, to a handsome fortune. But I have known, he continues, many who had a variety of opportunities for settling themselves comfortably in the world; yet, for want of steadiness to carry any scheme to perfection, they sank from one degree of wretchedness to another for many years together, without the least hopes of ever getting above distress and pinching want. There is hardly an employment in life so trifling, that it will not afford a subsistence, if constantly and faithfully followed. Indeed, it is by indefatigable diligence alone that a fortune can be acquired, in any business whatever."

In a subsequent chapter, devoted to an exposi-

tion of the importance of uniform politeness in all business transactions, the author attempts to show that this quality is not, as it is too often esteemed, a trifle, and indeed that there are no such things as trifles in business—a point which he illustrates by the example of a well-known English celebrity. "Small things," he says, "may produce mighty consequences. Every one who has risen to eminence from a humble station can, if he will take the trouble, point to the precise period in his life when a change was unexpectedly wrought in his favour; and, if he examines closely, he will find it associated with some trivial circumstance, or caused by some humble instrument. One morning a poor old soldier called at the shop of a hairdresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and, unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. 'How can I repay you, sir?' said the veteran, astonished at the amount. 'I have nothing in the world but this,' pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket; 'it is a receipt for making blacking; it is the best that was ever seen; many a half-guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles I have sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to the poor soldier!' That dirty piece of paper was the receipt for the renowned Day and Martin's blacking; and that hairdresser the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is one of the ornaments of London, and whose palace in the Regent's Park rivals in magnificence the mansions of the nobility."

The section headed, "How to become millionaires," and which embraces concise sketches of some of the mercantile magnates in England and America who have built up colossal fortunes, will be read with considerable interest. Men like the Rothschilds, Ricardo, and McDonough, the millionaire of New Orleans, were in possession of a secret which the devotees of Mammon would consider cheaply purchased at almost any price. In this volume, accordingly, we have, in their own sententious words, many of the rules which regulated the varied, and, in many instances, vast transactions of these men. But examples of great opulence are of very infrequent occurrence, and by minds suitably impressed with a conviction of the "deceitfulness of riches," will be regarded as by no means objects of legitimate ambition. Few can become millionaires, nor is it desirable that they should; for the temptations to abuse the wealth that is rapidly amassed, or to make an idol of it, are so strong as to lead us tremblingly to shrink from the responsibility of possessing great substance. Honourable competence or a comfortable sufficiency is, however, by the adoption of sound Christian maxims in all trading transactions, within the reach of most men, and is an aim worthy of commendation and encouragement. After all, we know of no motto that can be so safely recommended for adoption, as the famous one of John Wesley, and which, especially in its second and third clauses, he so nobly exemplified throughout his long and beneficent life:—"Get all you can—save all you can—and then give all you can."

## Parities.

**NEW MEXICAN RAILWAY.**—The American and Mexican governments have resolved to construct a railway from the Gulf of Campeché to the Gulf of Tehuantepec, as the high road to California, and the necessary surveys for which are completed. This route can only be of local benefit, as it is out of the direct course of vessels from Europe to Australia or China; it will, however, be of service to expedite passenger and light goods traffic, by establishing steam communication to Australia, should no more southern route be found possible with a moderate outlay.

**ONE OF THE WONDERS OF MEXICO.**—The Mexicans have from a very early period shown a disposition and aptitude to construct engineering works. The Deságué Canal is the largest hydraulic work in existence, although it has been executed nearly three centuries. It is about 300 feet wide, and has for two miles nearly 200 feet depth, and all cut through igneous rock. The object in view in its formation was to drain a lake lying above the town of Mexico, and threatening it with inundation during the rainy season.

**LAST REFUGE OF WEST INDIAN SLAVERY.**—St. Thomas, belonging to the Danes, was the last island in which slavery was abolished. In 1847 a negro insurrection broke out in Santa Cruz, and the governor proclaimed emancipation, but not until considerable excesses had been committed; when the news reached St. Thomas, the white population were panic-stricken, and the slaves took advantage of their position to secure to themselves their freedom. By an account of this social change lately published, it appears that in this island private property was generally respected, and not a single life was lost. The authorities refused to protect the town or allow the militia to do so, it being very evident that the Home Government were only too glad to get an opportunity to proclaim emancipation, although they have not yet followed the example of England and France, by paying compensation for the loss to the slave-owners.

**RAVAGES OF THE WOOD WORM.**—On Mr. Gisborne's recent visit to the island of St. Thomas, he witnessed a remarkable instance of the depredations of this destructive insect, in the coaling wharf at the entrance of the harbour. This wharf was built about eight years ago. The piles used, consisting both of resinous and hard wood, were charred for a few feet between wind and water. In two years it was evident that the worms had attacked them, and now there is scarcely one of them that is not eaten through. The worm is evidently that so well known on the east coast of England. It is of a red colour, and nearly transparent, thin, an inch and a half long, and with a large head protected by a helmet of shell. As it works into the wood, it follows the fibre, leaving in the trace of what it has devoured a train of calcareous matter, hollow, and of the bore of its head. It works only a short distance above and below water, being evidently amphibious. Various modes of prevention have been adopted, but without success. Charring the portion of the wood subject to wind and water will extend its duration a few years. Sheet copper, a studding of iron nails, and other external protections, make the decay a question of time, but no plan has acted as a preservative for more than a few years. One sort of timber, however—the "Green-heart," brought chiefly from Demerara—is said to be entirely free from the attacks of this mischievous worm. It is very hard and heavy, will not float, and has a bitter taste. It is to this last quality that is attributed its freedom from attack. Sir Charles Lyell, in his work on the United States, mentions also the "Cabbage Palm" as invaluable for submarine construction, for the same reason.

**THE ORIGIN OF LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE.**—Many petty, ill-conceived plans were being proposed for disposing of the land behind the Town Hall, when Mr. William Roscoe, taking up a map of the town, drew a quadrangle. "There," said he, "build a handsome suite of offices, with news-rooms, &c., and leave a noble area in the centre for an Exchange." "But the money, Mr. Roscoe?" "Oh, advertise it in shares, and place your share-list on the door of the Town Hall." It was done next morning, and the share-list was filled up in four hours.—*Liverpool Standard.*

**THE CUIPA TREE.**—A recent traveller in New Grenada, South America, describes this tropical production as a noble, straight-growing tree, branching out into three gigantic arms, like an open umbrella. The stem is thickest from fifteen to twenty feet above the root, and then gradually tapers towards the top; no branch or knob breaks its outline until it soars high above the surrounding forests. "One which I measured," he says, "was twenty feet in circumference five feet from the ground, and could not have been less than eight feet in diameter in the thickest part. These trees grow generally two or three within view, and form a most imposing sight. Their massive stems are proof of their age, which must be counted by centuries, yet could I find no trace of decay."

**MUD VOLCANOES.**—Near Turbaco, in New Grenada, there is a curious collection of volcanicoes, or mud springs, accompanied by the bubbling of air. Each spring has by its action formed a small conical mound of deposited matter on the summit, from which the air exudes, and every now and then, after a more than usually violent bubbling, the water overtops the small natural mud wall formed at the apex, and clearing itself on its passage down the side of the cone, eventually reaches a small stream, which separates the two basins in which these volcanicoes are situated. As long as any deposition of mud takes place, no vegetation is apparent. The contrast of these two barren basins, in the middle of an almost impenetrable wood, is very striking, and offers an instructive study of the regularity of nature's laws in principle, notwithstanding their apparent dissonance in practice, to those empirical forms which man has, in his self-conceit, laid down as rules for the guidance of elements of whose very nature he is often ignorant. Humboldt visited these volcanicoes, but is silent as to their cause, except some general opinion of their igneous action. It appears that the natives collect in bladders the gas that is continually bubbling up, which burns freely.

**CURE FOR A SNAKE BITE.**—The Indians of South America have a cure for a snake bite; it is the leaf of a tree, and said to be certain in its salutary effect. There is a pretty story extant about the way in which it was discovered. An Indian saw a snake in a tree robbing a nest; the mother bird attacked the reptile with great perseverance, but every time she was bitten flew to a neighbouring tree and eat one of the leaves, after which the attack was renewed. At last the little thing was so exhausted that the Indian caught her, and took her home, with some of the leaves of the tree he had observed her fly to, and although there were several bites visible, the bird continued to eat of the leaf and recovered.

**LIBRARIES OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.**—The sixty-one libraries in this city are divisible into three classes—special libraries, circulating libraries, and public libraries. The first class consists of the medical, legal, and foreign libraries, and contains in all 13,000 volumes. The second is various, comprising forty-two libraries, with 35,000 volumes. The third consists of fourteen libraries, including those of the several institutions, and numbers 178,200 volumes. The largest library in the town, except one, is the Free Library, with 22,000 vols.; the most valuable is the Chetham, also free, with its 21,000. The Old Library, subscription, contains 30,000; and there are three other large subscription libraries—the Portico, 14,500 volumes; the New Exchange, 18,000; and the New Newall's Buildings, 21,000. The Athenæum possesses 15,000 volumes; and the Mechanics' Institute, Cooper-street, a like number. The Salford Free Library has just half as many volumes as its Manchester rival—11,000 volumes.

**GALILEO CORRESPONDENCE.**—A new volume, the ninth, of the great edition of the works of Galileo Galilei, published by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, has just made its appearance at Florence. Its chief interest consists in the documentary history of the celebrated Galileo process, drawn from the original records preserved in the Vatican. It contains, also, a large mass of correspondence, including letters to or from Castelli, Cavalieri, Cesi, Campanello, Gassendi, Micangio, and Torricelli. This makes the fourth volume of the Galileo Correspondence.